Millie Pozer 417-8899

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIII., No. 13. MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1898. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'I Am the Resurrection and the Life.'

AN EASTER STORY.

(By Mrs. May Anderson Hawkins in 'Union Gospel News.')

Standing at the window, Jack Wilton looked aimlessly out at the throng of handsomely dressed people who were passing.

It was Easter Sabbath, and the sunshine flashed as brightly as though its one object was to typify that more wonderful brightness which spanned the spiritual universe nineteen hundred years ago, when the glorious Sun of Righteousness burst the bonds of death and the tomb, and thereby proved the truth of his own words spoken to Martha of Bethany: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'

'JACK, DO, PLEASE, GO TO CHURCH WITH ME, WON'T YOU?'

'I wonder why all these people are going to church?' Jack mused. And then, noting the loveliness of many of the costumes, his lip curled as he added: 'Many are going, no doubt, to show off their new hats and gowns. I don't know anything myself about religion, but I think the Bible preacher was right when he wrote: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"'

Being in this mood it was little wonder that when his sister Nora, who was just twenty, and as pretty as a rose, came into the room a moment later, he examined her toilet with interest and critical eyes.

Her gown was a marvel of grace and beauty, and her jaunty hat held such a profusion of roses and violets, that Jack involuntarily sniffed the air as though to inhale their supposed perfume.

'Jack, do, please, go to church with me to-day, won't you?' she said, in a pleading voice, not noticing the expression on his face.

'Why should I go?' he inquired.

'Oh, I would like to have you walk with me, and then the chapel is to be decorated so beautifully, that I know you will enjoy seeing it. You have never been to church with me yet, Jack.'

'Are those the only reasons for my going?' he asked.

'Well, no. The girls will all have on their new Easter costumes, and you are such a lover of beauty, and so fastidious in your taste, that I know it will give you pleasure to see them. There are some beautiful girls who attend our church, and they dress with exquisite taste,' was Nora's reply. She was wholly oblivious to the deepening scorn in her brother's face.

'With such weighty reasons for my presence in church, surely I must not disappoint you,' he said, and then added, surveying her from head to foot:

'What a stunning turn-out. Do you suppose that anyone in your vicinity will be able to listen to the sermon?'

'Why do you ask?' she inquired, while a pleased flush mantled her cheeks.

'Oh, my mind was merely reverting to our old game of weighing consequences,' he replied, with a laugh, as he stepped into the hall for his hat and gloves.

This fair sister of his had been a member of the church for almost two years. Jack had thought, when she joined, that she bade fair to grow into a genuine saint. He wished, at the same time, that he could feel the same enthusiasm in holy things that she seemed to. Looking at her now, with the frivolous air of the world so conspicuously marking her, his lip curved into a cynical smile, and he said in his heart:

'Religion seems to be a back number these days. I wonder if it is not all a sham and an empty show?'

'You won't care to listen to the sermon,' Nora said, as they neared the elegant chapel where she worshipped. 'Dr. Gordon is a very plain, uninteresting speaker. I don't see why they keep him. But he is a good man, and I suppose they hate to hurt his feelings by letting him know that he is not popular with the young people. Some of the older members consider him a second St. Paul, but I find him so tiresome that I can hardly sit still.'

After they were seated in their pew, and Nora had quieted down from her flutter of pleasure in being able to march in with such a handsome and distinguished looking fellow as was Jack by her side, she whispered, under cover of the brilliant voluntary:

'Aren't the decorations lovely? And did you ever before see such a mass of beautiful dresses outside of an opera house?'

Jack made no response. His eye was resting upon the minister, who now arose, hymn book in hand, to announce the opening hymn. The choir had ended their joyous chant, in which Jack caught the words, repeated over and over:

'He is risen, he is risen from the dead. Depart, vain world: his glory fills my soul! Depart, depart, vain world!'

Jack almost laughed, as he noticed the flowers and feathers and costly array of the singers. He thought within himself, that 'the vain world,' so far as he could see, held more of their thoughts and hearts than did the glorious One of whom they chanted.

'FATHER, I WANT TO ASK YOU A QUESTION.'

There was something about Dr. Gordon's face and bearing that wonderfully impressed Jack; a strength and power utterly at variance with Nora's description. He listened expectantly to catch the first sound of his voice. Yes, it deepened the impression his face had already made, and held just the rich, vibrant tone that Jack had expected.

The hymn took a new meaning when read by such a man, in such a tone, and Jack wondered why he had never before thought

it pleasing. It was an old hymn, and he had heard it, in his younger days, scores of times, yet, until this morning it had been a meaningless jingle of words to him.

Jack's mother had been a sincere follower of Christ. But she had slept under the willows for six long years, and Mr. Wilton, although a member of the church, gave little proof, in his daily walk, that he possessed the vital life which marks the true Christian.

It is little wonder that Jack had gradually wandered from his early habit of church attendance. To-day, for the first time in three years, found him inside the house of God.

Perhaps the very novelty of the position made him eager to take in all that was to be heard. At any rate, he found himself much annoyed by his sister's restlessness, and by her mute endeavors to divert his attention to certain persons whom she evidently desired him to notice.

'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'

As Dr. Gordon repeated these words, as the truth about which his remarks were to cluster, Jack felt a strange thrill pass through his heart.

Not one word of the sermon did he miss. Dr. Gordon's style was simple. There was no art of the trained elocutionist about him. But a subtle power, a peculiar 'something,' which Jack had never felt, marked his discourse.

Even Nora lost her inattentive manner, after a time, and seemed to listen. Possibly the rapt attention with which Jack followed every word the preacher uttered, filled her with curiosity, and moved her with a desire to know the secret of his deep interest in the sermon.

Toward the close of the discourse the minister asked:

'Is the visible church to-day loyal to the risen Christ? Is his blessed resurrection life so filling her, that she is confusing and scattering the allied hosts of darkness, in her onward march to victory? Listen. Our country is said to stand at the front of Christian nations. She expends annually six hundred million dollars for tobacco. How much to send the gospel of our glorious Lord to those nations sitting under the shadow of eternal death? Less than six millions. One hundred dollars for tobacco for every dollar for foreign missions. Is this startling? Pause and think. How many within the sound of my voice contribute ten dollars for the cause of foreign missions, and spend one hundred for tobacco? Does this appal you? Possibly you have never before looked at this subject from my standpoint.

'There are more startling figures still before us than those just given: Mark them! Christian America spends nine hundred millions yearly for intoxicating liquors—How much for the cause of home missions? A larger amount than for foreign missions, and yet one dollar for every hundred dollars spent for liquor. And the total amount for both foreign and home is so meagre, that it is a disgrace to the church, and ought to make every Christian blush.

'Let each one before me who bears the name of the risen Christ carefully note the exact amount he or she spends for useless trifles, needless luxuries, injurious stimulants. Then, against this amount, place every dollar given to advance the kingdom of the One who not only said: "I am the resurrection and the life,' but who also said: "Behold, I come quickly;" and of whom it is written: "His fan is in his hand, and he will throughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner, but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."'

Then followed such burning words that Jack half expected to hear a divine voice saying: 'I never knew you. Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity.'

Nora's voice jarred upon him, as, when passing out of the church, she said in a whisper:

'Notice that girl just going down the steps. She is beautiful, yet she goes to China, in June, as a missionary. She surely must be crazy.'

'I am not surprised at her going, if Dr. Gordon preaches usually as he did to-day.' Jack quickly responded. 'I almost feel as though I myself wanted to go to China, or to Africa, or somewhere, to prove that I am not numbered among the chaff and the workers of iniquity!'

Nora looked into his face and was greatly surprised to note upon it traces of deep agitation.

'And did you enjoy the sermon?' she asked. 'I thought it was dreadful. I had to listen, although I tried not to. But it made me shiver. I wish they would get another minister. I don't like Dr. Gordon.

Jack gazed intently into her face, and found himself wondering if the frivolous and aimless life she was leading was not choking out from her heart all that was best and noblest in her nautre.

After dinner Mr. Wilton took a cigar, and carelessly pushed the box containing them towards Jack. The young man selected one, and having lighted it, puffed away silently for a while. All at once he arose and flung the weed into the grate.

'What is the matter?' his father inquired, in surprise.

'Father, I want to ask you something. You won't think me impertinent, will you?' was Jack's counter question.

'Go ahead,' the elder man responded, with curiosity in both face and voice.

'How much do you contribute yearly to the cause of foreign missions?'

Mr. Wilton elevated his brows as he said:

'Exactly ten dollars. This is more than I felt I ought to give, but Dr. Gordon pressed me so hard that I had to make it that.

'And how much to home missions?' Jack asked.

'Fifteen. I like to see where my money goes, so I give more to the home field than to the other,' was the response.

'And now will you pardon me, father, if I ask what your tobacco bill is a year?'

'What are you driving at, Jack?' his father replied, much astonished by this series of questions.

'I will tell you later. Please let me know, if you can. what you spend for tobacco, yes, and for wine, for you know we keep a moderate supply of the best wines on hand for extra occasions. I know I open a bottle once in a while just for fun, when I don't know what else to do.'

Mr. Wilton pondered a while, and then he said:

'I have never kept an accurate account of my expenditures, along this line. One hundred dollars will cover it, I judge. Possibly a hundred and fifty, for I am obliged to treat so many friends to cigars. I never offer wine. That is against my principles.'

'And now, one more question. What do you give towards Dr. Gordon's salary?'

'Twenty-five dollars,' was the prompt reply. 'And now will you please tell me why you have asked these strange questions?'

'Something in Dr. Gordon's sermon this morning prompted them,' and Jack proceeded to give an outline of the discourse. He ended with:

'I wish you had heard it, father. It was powerful. Why weren't you there?'

The elder man yawned as he said: 'Dr. Gordon tires me. I like more style and brilliancy than he possesses. He is not up to the times, and is not suited to a fashionable congregation like ours.'

'Well,' Jack responded, slowly, 'what you say may be true. But that man has some strange power about him, that I believe is from God. His sermon went clear through me, and I can't get away from it either.'

There was a silence of some minutes, and then he added, in a deliberate tone:

'I have smoked my last cigar. I declare to you, father, that in the light of Dr. Gordon's words, I seem to see myself among those brutal men around the cross, hounding Christ on to his death. It is horrible. The money I have hitherto spent for cigars shall now go to the church. I cannot stand this feeling that I have had a hand in crucifying the Lord my mother loved and worshipped.'

Mr. Wilton was silent for some moments. His son's last words seemed to have touched him. Presently he, too, threw his cigar into the fire and said:

'I tried, years ago, to break away from tobacco. I knew it was injuring my health and that it was a distress to your mother for me to use it. But I was powerless. I gave it up for one week, but I suffered torture. It has too firm a grip on me, now, to break away. Besides, a man is free to use what he chooses, and whatever harm could be done to my health is now an accomplished fact. I can't see that it hurts me these days.'

'But how about the money expended, which could go towards carrying on church work?' Jack asked.

'Oh, I don't see but that I do my part. I give more than Gray or Bennett, yes, and more than Dobbs, who is reported to be worth half a million.'

Jack made no reply, but soon left the room.

One soul, at least, was led to Christ through the fearlessly uttered truths on that memorable Easter morning.

Jack Wilton knew no rest of soul until he had wholly yielded his heart and life to God.

While Nora felt no stirring of conscience under what had stricken her brother to the soul, his altered life impressed her strongly.

'How much do you spend on your dress?' Jack asked her, a few weeks after his first communion season in the chapel.

'Papa gives me three hundred dollars a year,' she replied. 'Why do you ask?'

'And how much of this do you give to the church?' he continued.

'I? Why girls are not expected to give anything. Papa gives enough for us all,' was the astonished answer.

'Does he?' her brother said, in a gentle but significant tone.—'Some day, Nora, when you and I stand before the presence of our glorious Lord, many things which we now accept as truth will fall away from us, and leave us, I fear, shivering beneath his searching eyes. Let us try and get just where he wants us, before it is too late.'

Dr. Gordon found in him such a loyal and fervent friend and supporter, that his half-formed plan of resigning his place and seeking another charge was abandoned. A wave of revival, at first small, but increasing in power, swept over the chapel, and at the end of a year a new spirit, even the spirit of Christ, seemed to possess a large portion of the worshippers

Many, we regret to say, are still worldly, but Jack Wilton is leading a band of earnest Christian young men into a closer walk with his Lord and Master, day by day. When the older members 'fall asleep,' this loyal-hearted band will come to the front. The pastor hopes, if he lives until that day, to see a new era of righteousness in beautiful Blackmore chapel.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Sunlight Hearts and Sunlight Homes.

(By the Rev. George Everard, M.A., Rector of Teston, Kent.)

It was a bright, pleasant afternoon in the early summer, when three or four of us made an inspection of a little village that has lately arisen in the North of England.

It is always a cause for thankfulness when care and pains are taken to add to the comfort of those who are engaged, day after day, in constant toil. It was so in this case. The houses of the workmen were far better than such as they can usually obtain. Then the little gardens or allotments near at hand, the recreation-ground, the hall, where frequent lectures on interesting subjects are given, the village shop with its abundant stores, the absence of any public house, which so often spreads misery and

SUNLIGHT HEARTS AND SUNLIGHT HOMES.

sorrow among those around, the various clubs, tending to promote thrift and self-improvement in various ways, a helpful magazine published from month to month—all these things were in the right direction, and I trust may assist in justifying the name of 'Port Sunlight,' which had been given to the place.

Only let it never be forgotten that one thing alone can give, either to village or town or country, a firm, abiding prosperity. 'Godliness with contentment is great gain,' 'Godliness is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.'

But the sight of the name of this 'Sunlight' village led my thoughts still farther. I thought of the blessedness of 'sunlight hearts and sunlight homes,' and very thankful will I be if this article, coming as a messenger of peace at the beginning of another year, may assist any who read it in gaining both.

Well do I remember an old friend who had the former in no common degree. He was a man of fair means, who had risen from the ranks. Genuine godliness had been his safeguard from early youth, and through this he had risen from the position of a workingman to that of being a large employer of labor. But for fifteen years he had been totally blind. One day he was speaking to a number of young people whom he had gathered into a night-school. 'You can see the sun shining by day, and the moon and stars by night, but I cannot. Yet a brighter light,' he added, striking his breast, 'is shining here—God's love in Jesus Christ.' His calm, placid face shone with holy joy, as thus, from his own experience, he pleaded with the young people, whom he so dearly loved.

The great secret of sunlight in the Christian's heart is a true view of him from whom they derive all the comfort and hope they enjoy. For he is a Glorious Sun, pouring forth the warmth of his enlivening rays always and everywhere. Think of one or two passages: 'The Lord God is a Sun and Shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.'

A few years ago there was a man near Birmingham who had ruined himself by drink and gambling. He made a remark to a friend that he was so wretched that there was not a man in the world with whom he would not willingly change places. But grace turned his footsteps in a new direction. In his misery he sought the Lord, and found Christ as his Saviour and Friend. Thus old things passed away, and all things became new. Then he told another story. He had come out of the dark cave and felt the warm beams of the sun shining upon him. He was now so happy in the Lord that he would not change places with the Queen upon her throne.

Not many weeks ago, in fact, the day that I visited Port Sunlight, I was on a steamer on the Mersey, returning to Liverpool. I gave away a few booklets to the passengers, and one man very warmly thanked me. Then he began to tell me his story. He said that eleven years before he had been one of the roughest men in Liverpool. He could not control his temper, and when he was angry he would utter the most awful oaths. But one night a thought came to him. He saw that he was all wrong, and on the way to hell. So he cast himself on his knees and sought pardon for the past. He found the old promise true—'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' 'Now,' he said, 'the Lord has done such great things for me, that I often stop on the road and thank him. I do not think there is a man in the world for whom he has done so much as he has done for me.'

Not long ago a lady who had been the centre of a worldly circle, to whom the world had been everything, heard a message which turned her whole course. She became as zealous for the kingdom of Christ as she had been for the gaieties and amusements of the world.

A lady who did not sympathize with her made the remark—'She actually finds her happiness in religion!'

'And where else should she find it?' was the sensible answer given to her.

If men find no true happiness in Christ, they certainly will find it nowhere else. —'British Messenger.'

The Last Lesson in the Old Schoolhouse.

(By Mary E. Bamford in the 'Wellspring.')

Mrs. McGovern went from one clothes line to another in her yard, feeling to discover if her washing was dry. Few of the clothes had dried as yet.

'It isn't much of a drying day,' she commented. 'There isn't enough wind.'

Mrs. McGovern stood a moment peering through the trees toward an old wooden schoolhouse on the lower part of the hilly ground that composed the block across the road.

'I don't believe there are many people at the auction,' Mrs. McGovern told herself. 'The schoolhouse is an old building, and whoever buys it must move it away; and moving is costly.'

Aroung the schoolhouse block were a few waggons. A little knot of men and boys were with the auctioneer upon the hillside. The old schoolhouse had been moved to a corner of the school yard, and a large and costly school building of stone and brick had been built on the old schoolhouse's former perch on top of the hill.

'It's a sightly place for the fine new schoolhouse,' said Mrs. McGovern; 'but it will seem strange not to see the old schoolhouse any more.'

Mrs. McGovern had gone to school in the old building when she was a girl, and her children had gone there in recent years. She carried such dry clothes as she had found into her house now and folded them for

ironing. Soon the McGovern boys rushed in, eager to tell what they had seen.

'Ma!' cried Bert, 'the old schoolhouse 's sold! One man bid three hundred dollars and got the schoolhouse. He's going to move it down town and turn the upper part into a hall! There'll be stores below.'

'He's going to begin to move the schoolhouse next week,' added Danny. 'I'm real glad! That old building isn't fit to be on the same lot with our fine new schoolhouse!'

Mrs. McGovern sighed as she put her flat-iron on the stove.

'The children are glad to get rid of the old schoolhouse,' she thought. 'Well, I can't blame them. It is shabby-looking, but it *makes me feel rather bad to see it go.*'

The old building was soon raised and drawn out into the street. For a number of days there were reports of how the old schoolhouse fared forth in the world. The journeying was slow. In one place the schoolhouse knocked over a telegraph pole. At one turn the wires of an electric car company had to be cut, and cars stopped for a time in the earliest morning, to enable the old schoolhouse to round a corner and continue journeying in the right direction. Part of the way the schoolhouse covered both sidewalks, so narrow was one street.

One evening mr. McGovern walked down with Bert to see how far on its pilgrimage the old building had gone.

'They took all the windows out of the schoolhouse before starting,' approvingly observed Mrs. McGovern. 'That was wise. The windows would have been broken, jolting.'

'Let's go inside the schoolhouse,' proposed Bert.

Mrs. McGovern hesitated, but the men who moved the building had gone away, the day's work being over, and finally she accepted her boy's helping hand and climbed into the old school-house. The glow of sunset yet lit the sky and illumined the interior of the old building. Part of the plastering had been knocked off during the journey and lay, crumbling and gritty, underfoot on the floors.

As Mrs. McGovern looked out one open window she saw on the sidewalk a young girl who belonged to her own church.

'Good evening, Evelyn,' said Mrs. McGovern. 'I'm looking over the old schoolhouse for the last time. Don't you want to come and look too? You used to go to school here.'

Evelyn stepped upon some planks and entered the room where Mrs. McGovern was.

'I should think a good many of the grown townsfolk, and the young people, too, would wish to come here and look at the old schoolhouse before it's all torn to pieces and changed,' said Mrs. McGovern. 'This schoolhouse has memories for young and old alike.'

Bert had gone off climbing on a scantling, and Mrs. McGovern and Evelyn were left together. They went into the different rooms.

'This is where I used to be four years ago,' said Evelyn, after they came into one room.

'And I was a scholar here twenty years ago,' rejoined Mrs. McGovern.

They were standing near the platform where the teacher's desk had been. Mrs. McGovern, turning her gaze from the plaster-strewn floor, caught sight of Evelyn's quivering lips and tear-filled eyes.

'Why, there, dear!' said Mrs. McGovern in surprised sympathy. 'Are you so sorry the old schoolhouse is going? It does make one feel kind of bad.'

Evelyn shook her head.

'It isn't that,' she answered tremulously. 'I was thinking. Mrs. McGovern, you don't know how hard it has always been for me all my life to speak before other people. I remember when I used to go to school here the teacher used to want us each to recite or read a piece of poetry or prose before the school on Fridays afternoons. I dreaded it so that I used to get my mother to write a note for me every Friday, saying to the teacher, "Please excuse Evelyn from saying any piece this afternoon." It seemed as though I could not go forward and speak before all the other scholars. And now that I'm in the high school I don't seem to have any more courage.

'Mrs. McGovern, I'm so troubled since I joined the church! I can't get courage to rise and speak in our little prayer-meetings. *I've tried, and I can't. Oh, you don't know* how badly I do feel over it! Last young folks' prayer-meeting I sat still, wishing so much I could think of something to say, and my heart beat so when I thought of rising and speaking! There were so few persons there that all ought to have spoken; but it seemed as if I couldn't, and I didn't. And after meeting our pastor shook hands with me, and he said to me in his kind way, "Couldn't you say just one word for Jesus to-night, my child?" And I felt so condemned. It makes me feel as if I were almost denying Christ, to sit there and not say anything; and oh, Mrs. McGovern, I do so want to follow him, but I don't know how to speak!'

Evelyn was crying now, and Mrs. McGovern put an arm about the girl. Mrs. McGovern knew how shy a child Evelyn had once been. Doubtless the same shrinking was there still. Mrs. McGovern knew that Evelyn did try to live as her Master would have her, but the Christian life was yet new to the young girl.

'Maybe you think speaking is harder than it is, dear,' said Mrs. McGovern comfortingly. 'Just a few words from a girl that her schoolmates can see is trying every day to follow Christ will have more influence than she knows. I remember a girl named Carrie, who was converted at the time that I was. Carrie was only fourteen, and she was one of the sweetest Christian girls I ever knew. Our church was very small, but Carrie and I did dread speaking even in very small prayer-meetings.

'One night at a prayer-meeting, several weeks after she joined the church, Carrie rose to speak. All she said was, "I'm trying"—and then she broke right down, and sat down in her pew and cried quietly. We all knew what she meant. She was trying to follow Jesus. After meeting, Carrie told me that when she had risen to speak she hadn't had any idea of crying, but she couldn't help it. Well, do you know, Evelyn, I've forgotten all the other testimonies that the other prayer-meeting folks gave that night so many years ago, but Carrie's two words, "I'm trying"—I couldn't forget. Only two words, dear, but they've followed me all my life, and sometimes they've helped me to keep on "trying" too. Carrie died before she was out of her girlhood, but she left that little testimony with me. So you see, Evelyn, you don't need to think up a long, set speech to say in meeting. If you just say a few words right out of your heart, maybe they will do more good than you know.'

Evelyn listened. Her voice faltered, but she said, 'I'll try to do as you say, Mrs. McGovern. I'll take your words as my last lesson in this old schoolhouse; and I'll try.'

Mrs. McGovern smiled.

'I'm not a very good school-teacher, dear,' she answered; 'but I've told you the lesson the Lord has taught me. He can use the words we speak, even if they are feeble.'

The sunset glory had faded, and the rooms of the old schoolhouse were growing shadowy as Mrs. McGovern and Bert and Evelyn left the building.

A week afterwards, in a little prayer meeting for young people, Mrs. McGovern saw Evelyn rise, and heard her tremblingly say, 'I am trying to follow Jesus, and I wish I could help lead others to him.'

That was all, but Mrs. McGovern, sitting on the back seat, saw the thoughful look that came into the faces of two of Evelyn's girl friends. They knew how hard it was for her to speak. They were not Christians.

'But they won't forget what Evelyn said to-night,' thought Mrs. McGovern. 'Maybe the Lord will use it to bring those girls to himself.'

A Little Heathen.

(By Evelyn E. Adams, 'Ram's Horn' Prize Story.)

In the children's ward of a large city hospital, the sun shone with soft radiance through the windows. As the light fell on the clean walls and cots, it added a warmth of color to their plain uniformity and brightened almost to gold the tangled, curly hair which surrounded one pale, pinched little face. The eyes were closed tightly, and so add to the anxious expression. One thin hand, whose griminess contrasted strangely with the pallor of his face, rested under his cheek, while the other propped up partly by his knee, and partly by a ridge of the bedclothes, was raised as if to call for attention.

I had gone in as usual with a few flowers and pictures to amuse the children at the visiting hour, and noted this face as a new one.

'What is the matter with the little fellow yonder, nurse?' I asked as she came from beside his cot. I had watched her lay the raised hand quietly down, but at once, and with a great effort, it was raised again.

'He was brought in yesterday, unconscious, and he has not spoken much yet. He has had a fall, and is rather weak to rally, but he will hold his hand up. About two hours ago he seemed a little conscious and propped it up in that way. I wonder if it hurts him. I lay it down and rub it, but he puts it right up.'

As I went the rounds among the cots, I stopped and kissed the drawn forehead, and stroked back the matted hair, which, despite the lack of care, was beautiful. He did not look older than seven years from his size, but his face was like that of an old and worn out man. As I touched him, he moved uneasily, and I said:

'What do you want, my little man?'

'Be you God?' he asked slowly, and with a deep awe in his tone. Then, as he opened his eyes, a look of disappointment overspread his face. His large brown eyes were rather dull, and I thought his mind wandered,. But he looked at me again, and said:

'No, you are only a woman,' but with a new eagerness in his tone, 'Did God send you?'

'Yes, dear,' I said, glad of a true answer. 'God sent me. What do you want?'

The tired hand slipped quietly down and rested on the white counterpane. The weary expression changed to one of wonderment. Then, in a strained, hoarse voice, he spoke again, slowly.

'Does God know me?'

I smiled an answer.

'And Sue? Does God know Sue?'

'Yes, dear,' I said, 'God knows Sue. He knows us all.'

'I went to the mission the other night,' he began after a long pause, 'and the preacher said as God knowed us all, and if anybody wanted anything from God he should hold

up his hand, and God would know he wanted it, and would help him out.'

He spoke with great effort, and slowly. The nurse came and felt his pulse, and gave him his medicine. She stroked the tired hand as she passed on. He smiled, just the shadow of a child's smile, and said: 'That's all right now, but it's awful tired.'

After another pause, when he seemed really resting, he looked up questioningly, and I asked:

'Well, little man, what is it? What do you want from God?'

' 'Taint me,' he said, with a sad, unchildish sigh. 'I'm all right; it's Sue.'

Then his lip trembled, and tears began to gather, and his voice choked. 'It's all because of that woman that lives next door. Sue was always good till she come. But she's been in jail, they say; and the kids say as Sue's goin' to git there, too. Sue stays there nights, and goes out with her, and father, well, he's drunk mostly, and he can't do nothing with her. You, see, lady, Sue, she's mostly twelve, and I'm nine. Mother died most a year ago, and she said to me, "Be sure you take care of Sue, and Sue, you take care of Jim," and Sue was always good till that woman came. And now, I can't look after her no more.'

I saw that he was getting too tired, so I bent over him, and took his tired hand in mine, and kissed him, as I kiss my own boys, as I said:

'Well, dear, you must not think any more about it. God will look after Sue. I will go away now, and I will talk with God about it; and will come again to-morrow.'

I found the address of the little waif at the office, and visited the tenement that afternoon. I found the healthy counterpart of Jim stitting on the back steps in a dirty court, holding a baby. There were traces of hardness already visible on her face, which should have been pretty, and a wealth of golden curls were doing their best to supply the lack of other adornment.

'Yes, I'm Sue Ripley,' she said in a defiant tone, in reply to my first inquiry, but the don't-care expression vanished when I spoke of Jim, and the eagerness with which she said, 'Is he better?' left no doubt of her affection.

'Jim's a good little chap,' she said in an old-fashioned way, when I told her that his first thought was for her. 'Jim's better than I be. He's a good deal like mother was, but 'taint no use a-being good 'round here. Jim, he gits it all the time from the fellers, but he's patient like, and don't mind it, leastwise, he don't git mad like I do.'

'I takes care of it days,' she said, as I tried in vain to provoke a smile from the forlorn-looking baby. 'His mother works out. She gives me ten cents if it's a whole day, and my supper. Another woman lets me eat with her the other times for the ten cents.'

'Do you keep house for your father, and Jim?' I asked.

'Well, I guess,' she said with a little sarcastic laugh, 'there ain't nothing to keep. He's got a room there, and he sleeps in it. He's sold all the stuff except what's no good. He'll give Jim a nickle most days, but he won't give me none. He says I can earn it if I want it. Sometimes Jim an' me has to go halves on the ten cents I gets, and when I ain't got none, she gets me to help her when she has company. She has lots of good stuff.'

'Who is she?'

'She is the woman who lives on the next floor and keeps boarders. She's jolly, too, and she lets me go in there nights where it's warm. But she don't like to have Jim, and Jim he thinks she ain't no good, but I tells him "you have to go where you can around here." '

There was a look of uncanny wisdom in the child's face, as she spoke those bitter words.

'Would you like to see Jim?' I asked.

'Kin I?' she exclaimed so eagerly, that she almost dropped the baby. When I promised to call for her the next day she fairly beamed with excitement. 'But I ain't fit,' she said, questioningly, after a hasty survey of her appearance, so far as visible to herself, 'and it's the best I got.'

'Do the best you can, and it will be all right,' I said, as I departed.

As I entered the ward next day, the nurse motioned me aside, and said: 'Jim has been sleeping some, but he is failing. We sent for his father, but he cannot be found. If he expects to see him alive, he will have to come soon.'

'He's been off since yesterday,' said Sue, 'He's on a drunk, I guess.'

'He has asked for you many times,' the nurse said to me, 'but do not let him talk much.'

I led Sue to the side of the bed, where he could not see her at first, and told her to be very quiet. Her eyes filled with tears, as she looked at his pale, drawn face. As I bent over him he opened his eyes slowly, and placed his thin hand in mine. After a while he said:

'I have been dreaming about Sue. God spoke to me. He told me he would take care of Sue. Then I saw a beautiful angel Mother told me about the angels before she died. The angel went to find Sue. God told her to go, and she had gold in her hair a woman angel, and she came back and told like Sue's, and her eyes were blue. It was God she found Sue, and she was good and did not live with the bad woman any more. I wanted to go home to Sue, but God said the angel would bring her to me some day when I was well.'

He had been talking dreamily, but suddenly he opened his eyes wider and said eagerly: 'Lady, will it be a really true dream? Did God tell you? I tried to hold up my hand so you would not forget, but it was so tired, and I was afraid God would forget about it.'

'God won't forget you, dear, and it is all true about Sue,' I said, as I leaned over him, and stroked his curls. 'Would you like to see Sue now, Jim?'

A pleading look was his only answer. He was very tired. The nurse led Sue to the other side. Jim opened his eyes slowly, and tried to put up his arms to her. She laid her head beside him, and tried hard not to cry.

'Sue,' he said with an effort, 'you'll come when the angel wants to bring you, won't you, Sue? Don't git mad, Sue. When you want anything, just hold up your hands, Sue, and God will know you want something, and he'll help you out. I held mine up for you, Sue, and he sent the lady to tell me he knew you.'

The nurse gently raised Sue, and drew the screen a little closer around the bed. Jim lay very still, but he breathed faster, and his hands moved restlessly on the counterpane. He tried to lift one hand and an anxious look spread over his face, as it fell listlessly. His lips moved, and we bent over to catch the last words: 'Tell God its for father this time. I most forgot, mother said father, too.' Then the stillness of death overspread his face — and the tired hands were at rest forever.

One night that week, in the little downtown mission, a dejected man arose to his feet, after the invitation had been given for any to raise hands for prayer, and said in trembling tones: 'My boy raised his hand for me when he was dying, and this hand ain't fit to raise after him, but I'm going to serve God.'

Sue and her father are looking forward to meeting Jim in the better country, for God heard his prayer, and the angel of his presence saved them.

Cary's Little Daughter.

(By Ernest Gilmore.)

Her mother died when she was born — so we had heard — but Cary tried to be both mother and father to the little one, whom he loved with a devotion which was as pathetic as it was beautiful.

The first time we saw Cary's little daughter, she had come down to the mill to bring her father's lunch. She was only four years old—a little mite of a cherub—but as brave and fearless as if she were three times her age.

Cary was the first one to see her that day, and he uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy. There wasn't a man in the room but looked up, and I hardly think I would be making a misstatement if I should say there wasn't a man who didn't smile.

She stood within the mill door, a slanting ray of sunshine peering through the branches of a tree kissing her yellow hair, which waved and danced about as sweet a little face as I ever saw. She had a tin pail in one hand and a tin can with close-top in the other.

'Here's your dinner, papa!' she cried gleefully, laughing aloud in her pride and joy. 'I came all alone by my own self, I did.'

Cary ran forward and caught her in his arms, pail, can and all.

'My baby,' he said, lovingly, in a low voice, as gentle and loving as a woman's; 'my baby!' kissing her over and over.

'No,' was her answer as the smiles disappeared for a moment and a frown made a little crease on her forehead, 'I ain't a baby, I'm your little daughter, don't you know?'

'Ah, I see,' laughing merrily and kissing her again; 'so you aren't and so you are. You aren't a baby, but you're my little daughter.'

From this time on all the men in the mill called the sweet child, 'Cary's little daughter.'

She brought her father's lunch every day from that time on. Most of the men had a cold lunch with milk, or water, or beer to drink, as their tastes inclined. But 'Carey's little daughter' always brought her father something to eat and drink, meat pie, or baked potatoes, or fresh baked apples, or biscuit, just out of the oven, or perhaps doughnuts right from the sputtering kettle, and always coffee with cream and sugar.

It was quite a long walk from Cary's little cottage to the mill, but the lunch was always hot. The small feet hurried so as to have it so.

Well, so it went on day after day in rain or sunshine, Cary's little daughter never failed unless sickness kept her a prisoner, which, of course, it did sometimes with some children's disease, — such as measles, mumps, or a bad cold.

She seemed to grow in beauty, if that were possible, and she had the sweetest way of doing and saying things that was altogether charming. Every man, no matter how surly he might be with others, spoke gently to the child. I believe every man loved her.

And so the years passed on, each one adding to the child's grace and beauty.

I had never seen her look so lovely as she did one June day when she made her appearance at the usual time in the mill.

It was her tenth birthday. Old Polly

Davis, the faithful housekeeper, had dressed her in her best, in honor of the day—a simple enough toilet; but, oh, how beautiful she looked!

She wore a white dress of some thin material with a ribbon tied around her waist. Her beautiful blue eyes were radiant with joy, for this tenth birthday had brought her many gifts, and she was to have company to tea.

Her golden curls reached way below her waist. Around her throat was clasped a slender chain of gold, her father's gift that day.

She seemed like an angel of light to the men, many of whom had been made better by her daily visits there.

Cary and some of the rest of us who sat in and around one of the big mill doors eating our lunch watched her that day as long as she was in sight.

Oh, the beautiful darling! Oh, the lovely, innocent child!

Well, she hadn't been gone long, for our nooning wasn't over, when we saw some runaway horses come dashing down the highway at breakneck speed. We all knew the horses, but there was no one to be seen in the carriage. They belonged to William Evans, a man who drank heavily, whose sprees were getting to be disgracefully frequent. Several of our men raced down to the highway, getting there just in time to stop the runaways. I had started to go, but caught a glimpse of Cary's face in time to prevent my doing so. It was so white and anxious that I was frightened. I put my hand on his shoulder, 'What's the matter, old fellow?' I asked. 'Are you sick?'

'I—I,' he stammered, pointing over in the direction from which the panting team had come, 'she, you know, went that way; my little daughter.'

'Yes,' I said, 'so she did; but she wouldn't be walking right in the road, you know. Cheer up, old man, your little daughter is all right.'

'I truly thought she was. I left him then and went down to see what the men were going to do with the horses.

They had found Will Evans; his left hand entangled in the lines, his right one grasping a big whip. He was dead drunk.

'The old fool!' said one of the men. 'I suppose as long as he could drive at all he cut and slashed the horses.'

'Yes,' put in another, 'and drove 'm zigzag, the idiot! Who know's what harm he's done?'

'Drive 'em zigzag,' he had said, and the words were like a blow to me. If a drunken fellow were driving zigzag along a highway, would even a strong man be sure of escape? And 'Cary's little daughter' was only a child.

I looked around for Cary. I even ran back to the mill to see if he were there, but no!

'He has gone to see if his daughter is safe,' I thought, and I ran as fast as I could to overtake him.

As I turned the curve I saw him staggering along, poor fellow, like a drunken man, I hurried up to him, and put my arm within his own to help him along. Cary had been a strong man, the strongest in the mill, but he was weak as a child now. The sweat was rolling down his face in great drops.

'Look at those carriage tracks,' he said, his eyes big with horror.

I looked. In my haste to overtake him I had not noticed them before. The tracks went from one side of the road to the other, 'zigzag' tracks, surely.

We hadn't gone far—only just beyond the hill—when — what was that lying not far from the ivy-grown wall in the green grass of the wayside There lay a little child.

'Can it be that she is dead?' cried poor Cary, in an agony of soul that will ring in my ears forever.

Oh, the broken, bleeding heart of that poor loving father!

I will only touch upon that scene, sparing you its heartrending details. But this life was all over for 'Cary's little daughter.' — 'Temperance Record.'

In Java.

Missionaries have been working in the Island of Java for many years, but the work is terribly hindered by nominal Christians who bring discredit upon missonary work by

MALAY CHILD, NATIVE OF JAVA.

their way of living. The power of Mohammedanism is said to be steadily advancing in the island. Our picture represents a Malay child, who is a native of Java. It is taken from the 'Illustrated Christian World.'

"Parson Bunny."

Of course, it was cruel to give the lad such a nickname. But the boys of Redcliffe College pleaded, in extenuation of their sin, that Harcum's ears were large, and that he had a rabbit-like shyness of manner. As for the 'Parson' part of the nickname, had they not heard that Harcum meant to become a preacher? And any one who is acquainted with the kind of logic in use among bad boys at college, will understand that this plea was regarded by these bad boys of Redcliffe as a conclusive and unanswerable argument.

Young Harcum boarded himself in a little closet of a room over the village bakery. He always knew his lessons, and bored the bad boys by invariably reciting at considerable length, instead of occasionally responding 'unprepared' when his name was called. Then, too, he was pale and thin, and never played base ball. How could he expect to be other than the object of ridicule?

It was toward the end of Harcum's first year at Redcliffe. Of late he had grown noticeably paler and thinner, and blue lines had been drawn about his big brown eyes. 'I'm afraid Parson Bunny's cook doesn't feed him well,' said Frank Stearns, with an affectation of great anxiety.

One day it became known among the boys that Harcum was to preach the following Sunday in a small country church three miles away from Redcliffe. This knowledge occasioned great hilarity. The boys declared that the sight of 'Parson Bunny' in the pulpit would be intensely amusing, and they promptly decided to go and hear him.

The sight was not so amusing as the boys expected. Young Harcum had evidently been in the pulpit before, and felt more at home there than on the ball ground. His was not a suspicious nature. He had never guessed that his fellow-students ridiculed him, and he did not dream that their motive in coming to hear him to-day was other than that of friendly interest.

Nor did aught in their manner undeceive him. The boys were so utterly amazed at discovering that 'Parson Bunny' could really preach, and preach well, that they listened with respectful and even pleased attention. They began to feel a happy sense of proprietorship in the boy whom they had hitherto laughed at. 'He's one of our Redcliffe freshmen,' remarked Stearns, with an air of utmost importance, to some one who had inquired the name of 'that smart young preacher.'

'Going our way?' queried Stearns of Harcum, when the college party was ready to return.

Harcum merely smiled and nodded. His lips were very white, and the fire which had been kindled in his eyes during his sermon had gone out completely. He walked on beside Stearns, but his wavering, uneven steps contrasted strongly with the other's free, swinging strides.

'It's horrible for a man to walk like that,' thought Stearns. 'That's what comes from staying indoors, and always learning one's lessons.'

Harcum spoke only two or three times during the walk home, and every remark he made seemed to cost him an effort. Stearns wondered whether his companion was suffering from timidity or from weariness. 'Preaching must be hard work for such a miserable little fellow as poor Bunny,' he soliloquized, pityingly.

When the company reached the house where Stearns boarded, the latter turned to Harcum, and said: 'I leave you here. Come over and see me sometimes—glad to have you. Why, fellow alive, how pale you are! What—'

But at that moment Harcum fell, fainting, into his companion's arms.

The boys were wild with excitement. One ran for the Doctor, another went to tell the President of Harcum's illness, and several others assisted in carrying the insensible boy upstairs to Stearns' room.

'Never mind his boots, boys,' ordered Stearns. 'Plump him right down on the bed. Here, let me douse his head with cold water. Anybody got any camphor? Murray, can't you run on and hurry up that Doctor?'

The Doctor came in presently, and the boys fell back from the bed to let him approach the sick lad.

'O Doctor,' asked Stearns, anxiously, 'do you think it's heart disease?'

'No!' answered the Doctor, a little more sharply than he meant to speak, 'I think it's hunger.'

'Hunger!' ejaculated Stearns. 'In this country, and at Redcliffe.' With one bound he reached the head of the back stairs, and he would probably have reached the kitchen with another, had not the Doctor called him back.

'Softly, young man!' he said, smiling. 'I'll look after Harcum's diet for the present, if you please. It's just as I've suspected—the

fellow couldn't bear to leave school when his money ran short, and so he mortgaged his body to his brain, and tried to live on nothing, or next to it. Well, there are still fools enough in the world to keep the doctors busy.'

Harcum was soon brought out of his fainting fit, but he was weak and ill for several days. When he first realized that he was in Stearns' room, he begged to be taken away lest he should make trouble. But Stearns declared, with a firmness the sick boy had no strength to resist, that such a ridiculous idea must not be mentioned again.

'Here I've been everlastingly cut up all this term,' he said, 'because Peterson didn't come back, and I had no room-mate. And now, when, by a brilliant piece of strategy, I've secured one, you try to rob me of my just deserts.'

At which Harcum smiled gratefully, and closed his eyes with a sense of restfulness and sweet content.

'I'm going to take Harcum home with me,' said Stearns, at Commencement time. 'He hasn't any home, and father writes that their preacher has just left, and that they want Harcum to fill the pulpit during vacation. He can do a little work during the week, to pay his board, if he chooses, and save his salary toward next year's expenses. And, what with country air, and glorious good times, and my mother's cooking, you won't know Harcum when he comes back.'

This phophecy came near being fulfilled. When fall term opened, many of the old students were slightly puzzled as to the identity of the sun-browned, hearty-looking young man who returned with Stearns. Yes. Harcum was certainly changed, and the change was lasting. He even played base ball occasionally—though it must be owned that he never became highly proficient in this much-valued accomplishment.

'Harcum—Sophomore—splendid student—get the valedictory when he graduates—grand preacher—genuine saint—full of fun, too, if you know him well;' it is thus that the Redcliffe boys describe Stearns' roommate.

And never, save in remorseful memory, is breathed the nickname of 'Parson Bunny.'
—Jessie H. Brown in 'The Lookout.'

Perfect Trust.

The French Marshal Turenne was the soldiers' hero; they entirely trusted him. Once when the troops were wading through heavy morass, some of the younger soldiers complained. But the older ones said, 'Depend upon it, Turenne is more concerned than we are; at this moment he is thinking how to deliver us. He watches for us while we sleep. He is our father, and would not have us go through such fatigue unless he had some great end in view, which we cannot yet make out.' We cannot always understand God's dealings, but must trust and obey.

Correspondence

Lower Selma.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for a long time and like it very much. I live in Nova Scotia, near the Cobequid Bay. In the winter the bay is full of ice. Nova Scotia is a very pretty place in the summer, when the flowers come. My mother always has a garden and lots of flowers. I like them very much. I have two sisters and one brother in the States. We have a pet cat and a dog. The dog's name is Watch. It is a very good name, for he is a great watchdog. My brother had a pet crow. It used to go about the house and carry every thing away it could get. Your little reader,

MAGGIE.

Ayr, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the village of Ayr, which is situated on the River Nith. The C.P.R. runs through here. People who visit our village say it is very pretty. There is some lovely scenery along the river.

The ladies of the W.C.T.U. of our village supply the school children with the 'Northern Messenger.' We like it very much. I go to school and to Sunday-school. I am in the senior second class. In the summer holidays I sometimes go out to the country. I like the country better than town.

We have a hockey club here. The older boys have left town, but the juniors are coming on fine. There are also football and baseball clubs. We play marbles at school. Your friend,

OLIVER.

St. Johns, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old. I take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. I am the youngest of a family of three. We have a cow, a horse and a cat, and I like them all. My father has a factory, and there are about twenty-seven men working in it. I am going to the high school, and am in the fifth reader. I like to read the letters in your paper, and I always read the Little Folks' Page first. We have a very nice garden in summer and have a good many apples. I will write another letter soon. Yours truly,

WILLIE.

Sweedside, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old; my birthday is on January 18th. I am going to school. I like my teacher very well, and I have just been reading in the fifth book for about a month. Grandpa has taken the 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Witness' for about twenty years. I am deeply interested in the stories. We live near a fine lake called Oromocto. I had a fine pet lamb; its mother had died, so we brought it into the house and in a few days it became very tame. It became so mischievous that we had to tether it. Soon afterwards we took it down to a field with the rest of the lambs. One day we went down and the lamb was playing with a fox. Instead of the fox touching the lamb, the lamb was butting the fox with all its might. Then we brought it up to the house, where we put it among the rest of the sheep. When we took the turnips down to feed the sheep it would only eat out of our hands.

HARRY.

Pender Island, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I thoroughly enjoy the readings of the 'Northern Messenger,' and now wish to write you a leter. I live on one of those islands in the Georgian sea called Pender. It is about ten or twelve miles long and its greatest width is two and a half miles. I go to school, which is about one mile and a half from here. I am in the fourth reader and study arithmetic, reading, history, geography, hygiene, grammar, writing and spelling. I was eleven years old last September, and had a nice time on my birthday. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. We have a library there, but have not many books yet. When we had the lessons about Paul I enjoyed them very much. We also have service once in two Sundays. I have six pet rabbits, one of whom is the mother and the others her young. The mother's name is Jennie and the little ones I have not got names for, except one little white one, whom I call Snow. I think I'd better close, hoping to write again if you don't object. From your little writer

NELLIE.

Grant.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy thirteen years old, and I live on a farm. I think it much nicer than living in the city. I take the 'Messenger' and my father takes the 'Witness.' I always read the Correspondence Department in the 'Messenger,' and after that the Boys' Page in the 'Witness.' I think they are both very nice, so I thought I would write to you myself.

I go to school, and I am in the fourth reader. I live about a mile and a half from the school, but I miss some days in the winter when there is a storm. Sometimes I go on snowshoes, and I like to do that very much.

I have skates, but I can only skate when there are ponds, because we do not live near a river.

I have four pets, a pony called Sally, and a dog called Sport, and two cats. We do not live near the post-office, and it is my work to go for the mail every day, so I drive my pony in the winter-time but in the summer I always go on its back. My dog Sport goes with me for the cows, and helps me bring them home. I called him Sport because he is so full of fun. My cats are very playful also, and every evening they play together for about an hour. They are very good to catch mice and rats. One of them comes and sits beside me when I am eating my meals, and it wants me to give it something to eat.

Wishing the 'Messenger' every success, and hoping my letter is not too long, I remain, a faithful reader,

ARCHIE.

Port Lorne, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I receive your paper every week, and have taken it for two years. Last year I got five subscribers besides my own renewal. I do not belong to a mission band, but I take an interest in missions. Millions of people die without hearing anything of the true God. The religion of the heathen is dark and gloomy. The religion of India is Brahminism and Buddhism. Their religion is a superstitious and cruel pagan system. They worship imaginary gods, also the river Ganges and various animals. Brahminism and Buddhism inculcate many virtues and also teach many absurd doctrines. Among the latter is the transmigration of souls by which it is held that when a person dies he is immediately born again, assuming some new kind of existence either higher or lower than his previous life, according to his merit or demerit.

Buddhism is the prevailing religion of the people of China. The educated classes are believers in the doctrines of Confucius, who lived about five hundred years before the Christian era. The principles taught by Confucius do not recognize a personal God as the Creator or Governor of the world; but they inculcate many important virtues, as industry, sobriety, modesty.

To two Christians, or to two persons that live in a Christian land, there are about twenty-one heathens. This shows that missionaries are wanted and money is needed to support them.

In composing this letter and finding the religion of the heathen countries, I have not had any aid from any person, but I have studied it up out of papers and books. I am not yet fifteen.

M. F.

LITTLE FOLKS

Two Indian Widows.

(By Kate Parks.)

About five years ago, Tara, the little Brahmin girl you see in the first picture, who was then eleven years old, was living with her brother-in-law and his wife. She was a child widow. Her mother had died while she was yet an infant, her father married again and her step-

TARA, A HEATHEN.

mother sold her at five years of age to a man fifty-five years old for one hundred rupees (a little more than $30) and she became his wife. After one year the man died, leaving Tara a widow. Then, according to the custom regarding Hindu widows, the child's head was shaved, her tearli (waist) taken off, and she was henceforth obliged to dress as you see her in the picture.

Her husband's brother and his wife treated her most cruelly. As she grew older and was able to work she was set to do the drudgery of the family and, as they kept an eating-house, this was no small task. The heavy brass water-pots which you see by her side in the picture had to be filled many times a day and carried home, one on top of the other, on her young head for the household cooking, cleaning, etc. If there was the least failure in obedience the child was beaten mercilessly and often branded with a hot iron, the marks of which she carries to-day.

Five years passed in this way and she finally became desperate, and having heard of the 'Sarada Sadan,' a school for widows in Poona, she determined to run away, and induced a neighbor to write and ask Ramabai to come and get her. The kind friend was evidently very illiterate for his letter was scarcely legible, from it, however, Ramabai understood that somewhere was a child-widow whose condition was so miserable that unless help was given soon she might take her own life. The postmark indicated what part of the country the letter was from, and Ramabai prayed earnestly that God would guide her to this suffering soul.

In two weeks God sent a woman to Ramabai's school who knew of the case and could tell her all about it. Ramabai sent a teacher for her and the child was found. Tara had often told her people that she would run away, and the day she went the family someway mistrusted she was about to leave and the cruel sister-in-law came to the station and even scanned closely the group in which Tara was standing, but God mercifully and, in what seemed to them, a miraculous manner, kept them from recognizing the child, and she escaped.

Coming to the school, two years passed before she came to prayers, for, true to the principles upon which the school was established, it is a place of perfect religious liberty, and the pupils can keep on with their old idolatrous worship or leaving that come out into the light and liberty of the glorious gospel of Christ just as they choose, but, blessed be His name, the Gospel is still the 'power of God unto salvation,' and as they see it lived before their eyes from day to day there gradually comes into many of their hearts a longing to understand it for themselves, and coming into prayers they hear the truth and 'the truth makes them free,' and they joyfully give their lives to Christ.

After Tara had been attending prayers for some time she one day announced to Ramabai her intention of becoming a Christian and of being baptized.

From that time on she has grown in grace and is now a beautiful Christian girl, who will soon marry an Indian Christian teacher in one of the missions.

You see her as she is now in the second picture.

As I saw her bending over her class in Sunday school not long ago, her face all aglow with the blessed story of the cross, which she was telling, my heart exclaimed, 'What hath God wrought?'

Another child-widow whom God separated from her people for Himself was Roomabai. Her husband dying when she was fifteen years of age she was left to the tender mercies of her mother-in-law. She was branded with a hot iron, beaten, and sometimes hung by her feet over a prickly pear bush, so that if she moved she would tear and scratch herself, while under her nose they placed live coals sprinkled with pepper. Some of her relatives finally rescued her and sent her to Ramabai. She came into prayers for a few days after entering the school, and then for a year was not seen in the prayer-room at all; but God laid His hand upon her.

She became very ill with what the doctors pronounced black leprosy. Her hands and fingers were very painful, and though she took medicine, the disease gained ground and the physician said she must

TARA, A CHRISTIAN.

be separated from the other girls. Ramabai said to her: 'One thing I know, only God can heal you, and He can and will, if you will ask Him.' But Roomabai not only would not pray for herself but absolutely refused to let others pray with her. Her disease grew worse daily and at length she came to Ramabai and said, 'You may pray for me.' God heard and in two weeks the girl was well. From that time her face was turned to Jesus, who had so graciously healed her body, and she became His loyal and loving disciple, and is now a valued assistant in the school.—'Missionary Alliance.'

Giving Jesus Our Best.

'Amy F., a little girl of some seven or eight years of age, had among her collection of toys a very pretty doll, which had been given to her by a dear friend. Amy was very proud of it, and kept it as one of her choicest treasures. She had other dolls, but this one was the best.

Amy, on coming downstairs one morning, began to recite to her mother, at the breakfast table, a dream she had had.

'Oh, mother!' said the child, 'I have had such a nice dream! I thought Jesus came to my bedside. He was dressed in beautiful shining clothes; and He looked so bright! He called me, and said, "Amy, I want to know if you will give Me that pretty doll you have—the one you call your best—the one you love most and take such great care of—because I want to make some other little boys and girls happy, whom I know and love, and who have not such a happy home and such kind friends as you have.' '

'And what answer did you give, Amy?' asked her mother.

'Why, mother,' she said, 'I told Jesus I would willingly give it to Him; and He looked pleased, and sweetly smiled on me, and said, "Thank you, Amy;" and He went away in my dream.'

So the best doll was wrapped up in a clean piece of paper, and put aside carefully in the drawer till the fitting ocasion should serve Amy's dream

By-and-by there was a sale of work held in the schoolroom, the proceeds of which were to be given to a missionary society to aid in sending the good news of Jesus and His love to other lands To this sale Amy sent the doll as her contribution. It soon found a customer, and realized the sum of one shilling and sixpence! And Amy went home with a treasure in her heart, even the sweetness and pleasure of giving a child's gift to the Lord Jesus.

Now it is just possible that to many of you dear young people who read this story, Jesus, your Saviour, has come many, many times in the past with this same earnest, loving request asking you to give Him your best—not merely your best doll, or toy, or book, but your best love, your best service, and best days. A young heart and life given to the Lord and to His service will make all our days and years bright, happy, and useful.

'Take my poor heart, and let it be
Ever closed to all but Thee.'
—'Faithful Words.'

Trust the Children.

'Just look at the raisins! Let's have some.'

'I'll ask mamma,' replied the young host.

'Pooh! she won't let you. Let's help ourselves; that's the way I do at home, only mamma hides her raisins.'

'Hides the raisins!'

'Yes, and the cake and the jam—locks 'em up'

'What for?'

'Oh, so I can't get 'em, I s'pose.'

'Why, are you a burglar or a thief?'

'No, indeed, I guess not; but I love raisins, and mamma knows it.'

'So do I, and my mamma knows it. She'll give you all you want; but I don't meddle with her things, for she trusts me.'

There was the keynote—one boy was brought up to be trusted, the other was not.

For once the young guest had all the raisins he wanted; was advised to eat them slowly and chew them fine before swallowing. Being an inquisitive boy, he asked the why of this, as well as how the mother dared to leave her sweets exposed, adding that his mother hid all her nice things.

'Well, my boy," answered the mother of the young host, 'that is your fault. She finds she cannot trust you. We lock our doors against thieves, but its pretty hard if we can't trust our dear boys. Show your mother that you are worthy of confidence, and your goodies will not be hidden. Ask for them, and if she can spare them she will not refuse you; or if for any special reason she cannot spare them, you should be the last one to wish for them. Do you see?'

'Don't you ever hide your money, or anything?'

'Not from my children. My boys and girls are honest and obedient. I thought you were so, likewise.'

'So did I; but I guess mamma don't. I wish she did,' he added, with a pathetic look.

'Let me tell you what to do. You have probably troubled mamma without thinking that you were doing wrong, and she has taken this way of keeping you from temptation and herself from annoyance. Now, try my boys' way. Have a faithful talk with mamma; tell her just how you feel—that you'd like to be worthy of a trust, and would certainly ask her for all you want. Then be careful not to tease every day, and never, never, put your fingers on anything you ought not to touch. Mamma will see that her boy is honest and manly. It will make her very happy, won't it?'

'Yes, indeed.'

'As you grow older the principle will follow you. You will learn to see things and not want them; and better still, perhaps, want them, but be strong and upright enough not to even think of them as possibly yours. You will be a true boy and a true man; everyone who deals with you will trust you. It will be worth more to you than raisins now, or any amount of money in the years to come. Try it, and stick to it. Why, if I couldn't trust my boy to look at a silly little raisin and be true enough not to touch it, I should think he was made of poor stuff.

'He's the right stuff, I know.'

'I hope you will be.'

'Thank you. I will'

I am watching that boy, and I think he will.—'Sunday School Evangelist.'

A Child's Wish.

A beautiful little story was told not long ago, says an American paper, by a young missionary who is just leaving this country, as to how he was influenced to become a missionary.

When a child he used constantly to walk through a certain churchyard; and one of the grave stones which he passed close by, erected to the memory of a boy eight years of age, bore the following strange inscription:

'Mother, when I grow to be a man I should like to be a missionary. But if I should die when I am still a little boy will you put it on my tomb so that some one passing by may read it, and go instead of me?'

Through reading this inscription so often there grew up in his mind this thought: I must go in place of that little boy.' And so he has been trained for the work, and will soon commence it. It was only a little boy's wish that influenced him and led him to become a missionary. Now, if a wish can do so much, what may not a word and a deed do? Was not this a good way to bring the gospel to the heathen?

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON V.—HOW WINE IS MADE.

1. What other fruits have been given us by our Heavenly Father?

Grapes, oranges, peaches, pears, cherries, and many kinds of berries.

2. Are these ever made into harmful drinks?

The grapes and the berries are often made into wine.

3. What poison does that contain?

The same poison alcohol that is made in the cider.

4. Is this poison found in the grapes and berries?

We do not find it in any kind of fruit.

5. How does it come into the wine?

By the decay of the fruit juices when they are left standing.

6. Is that the way in which alcohol is made?

Alcohol is always made by the decay of the sugar in sweet liquids.

7. What do we call this action that makes alcohol?

We call it fermentation.

8. What do we call the liquors that are made by fermentation?

We call them fermented liquors.

9. Name some of them.

Cider and currant, grape, and blackberry wines.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partizan, W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON V.—NATURAL DRINKS.

1. What do the lower animals drink?

Nothing but water.

2. And are they strong and swift?

Yes, indeed. It is wonderful how swiftly birds can fly and horses can run; what great weights camels and elephants can carry.

3. What do you know about camels?

They can walk fifty miles in a day, carrying heavy loads, and supplied with the water which they have in great water cells in their own bodies.

4. Do they ever need any other drink than water?

No, they are perfectly satisfied and healthy with water alone.

5. Are men's bodies like those of other animals?

Yes, very much. The bodies of all animals and men are made very largely of water.

6. How large a part of their bodies is water?

In a jelly-fish there is only one part of solid matter in more than a thousand parts. In man's body about an eighth is solid matter.

7. What is the use of the water of the body?

It rounds it out and gives it graceful form and size and flexibility. Then it dissolves the solid food we take and prepares it for use in building up the body. Every part of the body has once been dissolved in water before it became solid.

8. What else does the water do?

It also carries out of the body the substances that are no longer needed. The fluid which passes out through the skin, and which we call perspiration, is filled with such worn-out substances.

9. What, then, would you say of the water of the body?

That is makes up seven-eighths of the whole body, and that it is like an ever-flowing river, carrying to all parts of the body the things needed, and removing what is not needed.

10. How is the supply of water kept up?

From the food and drink taken.

11. What is the natural food of many animals?

Milk, which contains everything the body can need, and of which eighty-eight parts are water and twelve parts solid.

12. Is there water in other foods?

Yes, in every kind of food; in bread, in meat, and especially in vegetables and fruits.

13. And what do we naturally drink?

All the lower animals drink only water, as we have learned; and millions of men all over the world do the same.

14. But what of other drinks?

All other drinks are less wholesome and useful than pure water; and they are used, after all, by only a small part of all the people of the world.

15. But how can they use these other drinks at all, if the body needs only water?

They could not, only that all other drinks contain a great deal of water. They use water that is very impure and very bad; but if it were not really largely water they could not use it at all.

16. If water is really the natural drink, and if it makes up so large a part of the body, what would it be wise to do?

To do as the dogs and the birds, and the horses do, and drink only water, which is sufficient for every need of the body.

17. And what is the other natural drink?

Milk, which is really both food and drink, and will support life and health for years, without any other food.

Hints to Teachers.

This may be made a most interesting lesson. It will be a surprise to the children to be told that their solid little bodies, as they think them, are so largely made up of water. But you can show them how moist is every part. The saliva and the blood are two of the fluids which are, as they will readily comprehend, very largely composed of water.

The saliva is ninety-nine percent water; the juice of the stomach, 97 percent. Even the bones contain ten percent. of water. the blood seventy-nine percent; the muscles seventy-five percent; the brain eighty percent. Explain very carefully to the children what is meant by the 'percent' of water.

Dr. Richardson tells us of an Egyptian mummy, which, from the length and the size of the bones, he knew must be the remains of a body which in life weighed at least 128 pounds. But with the water all dried out it now weighed only sixteen pounds, seven-eighths of the whole having been dried away.

The children will readily see how the amount of water in the body is constantly being lessened by the respiration, perspiration and other means, and how essential it is that it *should* be replaced by other water. Hence the thirst, whose proper satisfying is so essential. From this point it is easy to talk of natural drinks.

The Boy and the Cigarette.

I read this in the paper: A big policeman entered Dr. B——'s office, saying; 'Can't you save my boy ? He is dying of cigarette smoking.' Again I read: 'Byron Hawes died yesterday at his home, of excessive cigarette smoking. He was sixteen years old.'

'Ben,' I said to an eight-year-old boy, 'stop smoking; it will be your ruin.' 'I just can't,' said Ben; 'I've smoked four years; I can't stop.' Truly this is terrible. There are nearly as many boys dying of tobacco, especially in the form of cigarettes, as are dying of strong drink; in fact more, I think, because more boys smoke than drink. What do doctors and lawyers say about this death-dealing habit? The Director of the United States Naval Academy says : 'Beyond all other things, the future health and usefulness of the boys at the Naval Academy requires absolute abstinence from tobacco.' Another medical man at the same academy says : 'The rules against *tobacco* in any form cannot be too severe.' Another doctor states: 'The chief cause of the rejection of the boys who wish to enter the navy is that the heart has been injured by the use of tobacco.' Another doctor remarks: 'I have been called to children who are in horrible convulsions from the use of tobacco.' Dr. Parker, of New York, writes : 'Tobacco is ruinous in our schools and colleges, both to body and mind,' Dr. Ferguson says: 'I am sure that no one who smokes tobacco before the bodily powers are developed will ever make a strong, active man.' Dr. Nott, the famous president of Union College, wrote : 'The lives and health of many have been destroyed by the use of this evil weed, which, next to strong drink, is more destructive to youth than any other agent.'

Sully, a surgeon in a great London hospital, said: 'I know of no single vice that does so much harm as smoking.' Another learned man says: 'Tobacco poison enters the lungs, stomach, and skin, and does equal harm wherever it enters.' Two doctors of Edinburgh, Scotland, say: 'The effects of rum and tobacco are nothing but evil.' 'It is painful to see how many fine youths are stunted in growth and weakened in mind by the use of tobacco.' Another doctor said: 'Tobacco produces in boys dyspepsia, sleeplessness, paralysis, cancer, and violent neuralgia.'

Absolutely Fiendish.

From the 'Presbyterian Banner' of December 30, 1896, published in Pittsburg, Pa., we clip the following, given as the words of an officer of the Liquor League of Ohio, at a meeting in which the interests of the saloon business were being discussed :

'It will appear from the fact, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty, as will be our coffers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to that of some other more remunerative.

'The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men have grown and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now, will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed. Above all things, create appetite ! '

Such a statement seems absolutely fiendish; and yet, whether spoken or unspoken, the fact remains that the traffic exists only by recruits from among the boys. 'Wanted, a hundred thousand boys,' must be the constant motto of this infamous business, that a few may grow rich and their children live in luxury while their patrons go down to the lowest depths of degradation and poverty.

Such a frank statement ought to arouse parents to take proper steps to protect their children from a Moloch, beside whom the ancient minotaur of Crete, who fed on young men and maidens from Athens, was a patron saint.—'Union Signal.'

LESSON II.—April 10.

The Resurrection of Jesus.

Mark xvi., 1-8.—Memory verses 6, 7. Read the whole chapter.

Golden Text.

'Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.—I. Cor. xv., 20.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xvi., 1-20.—'Who say ye that I am?'
T. Matt. xvi., 21-28.—Sufferings of Jesus foretold.
W. Isa. liii.' 1-2.—'He was wounded for our transgressions.'
T. John x., 7-21.—'I lay down my life for the sheep.
F. II. Cor. v., 1-21.—He was made sin for us.
S. Mark viii., 27-38.—'And after three days rise again.'
S. I. Cor. xv., 1-20.—'He rose again the third day.'

Lesson Story.

The disciples of Jesus Christ were plunged in deepest gloom. He whom they had acknowledged as the Son of God, he whom they had followed as their King, he on whom they had fastened their highest hopes, was dead. They had seen him crucified and laid in the cold dark tomb. Where now were all their hopes and expectations? What was there now left for them to live for?

He had told them that he must be mocked and scourged and crucified, but that he would rise again the third day. (Matt. xx., 17-19: Mark viii., 31; ix., 31: Matt. xii., 40.) But it was difficult for them to believe, they saw the cross and the death and the tomb, but they could see no further.

Three days and three nights the body of our Lord lay in the tomb, but early in the morning of the first day of the week, that first glorious Easter morning, the three women who came to the tomb found that their Lord was risen.

Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome took sweet spices and set out at earliest dawning for the sepulchre. As they went they questioned among themselves who should roll away the stone for them from the door of the sepulchre. But as they came within sight of it they saw that the stone had already been rolled away. Hurrying forward they entered the sepulchre and there at one side they saw an angel, a young man clothed in a long white garment. The sight filled them with fear, but the angel said unto them, 'Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified! he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him. But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him as he said unto you.'

The women trembled and were much amazed, and hastily leaving the sepulchre ran back to tell the disciples the glad news, not speaking to anyone by the way.

Lesson Hymn.

Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terors, Death, appal me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave he will recall me.
Hallelujah!

Jesus lives! to him the Throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
I may go where he is gone,
Live and reign with him in heaven.
Hallelujah!

Jesus lives! for me he died;
Hence will I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to him and glory giving.
Hallelujah!

Jesus lives! my heart knows well
Naught from me his love shall sever;
Life nor Death, nor powers of hell,
Part me now from Christ forever.
Hallelujah!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance gate of life immortal;
This shall calm my trembling breath,
When I pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah! Amen.

—Gellert.

Lesson Hints.

'Who shall roll us away the stone?'—they had seen the huge rock rolled to the opening of the sepulchre by three or four men, and knew that they themselves had not power to move it. If they had known that the Jews had had the stone sealed and guarded, they surely would have thought their undertaking impossible before reaching the place. But like a great many of the things we question and fret about beforehand, this was a difficulty which they never had to meet.

'The stone was rolled away.' Their path was clear. And so shall we find our path clear as we go boldly forward in the way God marks out for us.

'A young man,' 'the angel of the Lord.' . . . . His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.' (Matt. xxviii., 2-4.)

'Be not affrighted,' or 'amazed.' A message of peace and love. There was no reason for the disciples to be amazed that Christ had fulfilled his word to them and risen from the dead.

'Was crucified'—that is all over now, forevermore. He is your Risen Lord. Jesus lives!

'He is not here.' He is the God of the living, not of the dead. Life cannot abide in the tomb.

'Behold the place'—it is empty. The Lord of life has conquered death and burst its bonds asunder. 'Tell his disciples'—those sorrowing, wondering ones, tell them that the Lord of life keeps his word. His promises must be fulfilled.

'And Peter'—poor Peter, plunged in remorse and despair. He had denied his Lord and felt as though he might never be counted again as one of his disciples. If the message had been simply to the disciples, Peter might not have dared to go and face his risen Master. But that tender message of love made him once more a man among men. He could not feel himself an outcast, since Jesus had so specially and lovingly remembered him. Those who fall have a loving friend in Jesus.

'He goeth before you'—in every trial, in every discouragement, in every weariness Jesus has gone before us. He goes before to show us the way and to lead us on to the glory above. (John x., 4: xiv., 2-4). He has gone further into the darkness of agony and suffering than we can ever go. 'He went a little farther.' (Matt. xxvi.,39.) 'Galilee'—where they had worked together so long.

'There shall ye see him.' He was seen of all the disciples and over five hundred brethren at once. (I. Cor. xv., 5-8.)

Primary Lesson.

Jesus lives!

We have been learning how our Lord Jesus Christ lived and worked on earth long ago. How he came into the world as a little baby, nineteen hundred years ago, and lived till he grew up to be a man and went round helping everyone and telling them of God's love.

At last the cruel people killed him and laid him in a tomb. They thought he was just a man and that that would be the end. But Jesus is not only a perfect man, he is the perfect Son of God. Death has no power over the Lord of life. For three days and three nights his body lay cold and lifeless in the dark, lonely tomb.

But, very early in the morning on the first day of the week the tomb was empty. Jesus, the Lord of life, had risen from the dead to show to all the world that death had no power over him, and that all who love and obey him will in the last day rise again from the grave just as our Lord did.

Our souls cannot die. Our bodies die and are put in the grave, but our souls live on forever.

To those who love Jesus and trust in his righteousness, death is just like moving from one room to another. We leave this life and step into the heavenly life where we shall see our Lord Jesus face to face, and know more than ever about his love and care for us.

Jesus lives, and if we trust in his love and forgiveness, we shall live forever with him in heaven.

Suggested Hymns.

'The Day of Resurrection,' 'Christ the Lord is risen to-day,' 'Christ is risen,' 'There is a green hill,' 'Low in the grave he lay,' 'Praise Him!' 'Happy Easter time,' 'Angels, Awake,' 'Hallelujah to the Lord.'

Practical Points.

April 10th.—Matt. xvi., 21-28.

In regard to our future sufferings, ignorance is bliss. But Jesus knew all He had to suffer, and the cross cast its shadow over his mind years before his crucifixion. (Verse 21.)

The half-hearted Christian shrinks from cross-bearing. (Verse 22.)

But Jesus rebukes selfishness by example and precept. (Verse 23, Matt. viii., 20.)

Self-denial is inseparable from Christianity. (Verse 24.)

What the world counts gain is reckoned loss by the Christian, and in some cases the salvation of the body means the destruction of the soul. (Verse 25, Acts xxiv., 25.)

In verse 26 we have a question that is easier asked than answered. The quality of our life is regulated by our ideals and aspirations as well as the estimate we set upon the soul. (Job ii., 4.)

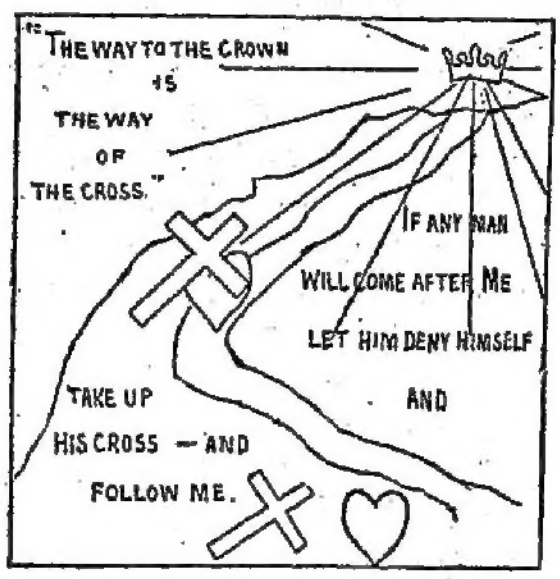
Christ's second coming should be the inspiration of his people, and specially of those who are entirely consecrated to his service. (Verse 27.)

As many as are born of God have seen Jesus with the eye of faith, and his kingdom is not of this world. Verse 28.)

The Lesson Illustrated.

Jesus had just brought his disciples up to the knowledge of his Messiahship, now he begins to unfold to them the fact that he must suffer, that the Messiah's crown will be upon the Messiah's cross.

Peter is scandalized at such a thought and wants the Master to take the Crown without the Cross. Our Lord rebukes him and lays



down the law for all his servants that those who would follow him to the heavenly land must bear the cross. 'No cross—no crown,' and 'The way to the crown is the way of the cross,' as the old saints have said. So our picture shows the Master bearing his cross up a rugged pathway to the crown shining beyond. Another heart down below has not yet taken up its cross, and so is not yet on the way to the crown.

Cut the two hearts, two crosses and crown from paper, gilding the crown if possible. A few strokes of chalk will give you the hill and the path.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

April 10.—Conquering the fear of death.—John viii., 51-54; Phil. i., 21-26.

The souls we have won for Jesus will one day be our crown. The apostle told his Thessalonian converts that they would be his joy and crown in that day. It is as though the hand of Jesus will weave into a crown those whom we have won for him. But who of us will dare to wear it? As Baxter said, we shall have a new heaven in each one that we have brought to heaven; but we shall turn to our Lord, and casting our crowns at his feet, cry, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory forevermore.'—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

HOUSEHOLD.

Boys at Home.

('Christian Work.')

Every mother can not only save herself much trouble and labor by teaching her active boys certain lessons having to do with their sports, but she can at the same time teach lessons of propriety and neatness that will follow the lads to manhood, and fit them to appear always the gentleman indoors, no matter how rough and tumble the costume while sporting or exercising outside. How many times I have heard poor Bridget or Norah's angry protest when over her clean kitchen floor went clumping the muddy boots of the young lords of the house, who simply would not take the trouble to draw off their boots just inside the door. And such a sight as the hall closet would present where rubber boots, fishing rods, skates, caps and various articles of clothing were thrown helter-skelter anywhere they happened to land. 'Oh, dear! I suppose this medley is inseparable from a family of children each having his favorite sport,' says one mother, in a tone of discouragement. It is in this same well furnished house that a caller will hear a heavy step along the carpeted hall, then see a boy's rather rough-looking head peeping into the parlor. 'You might as well come in, Mrs. —— will excuse your looks,' the mother says, as, half proud, and half ashamed, she adds, 'Tom has been out rowing,' — or, perhaps fishing — 'and he doesn't look exactly in trim to receive callers,' and 'Tom' comes in, seats himself near the door, makes his dog lie down beside him, and proceeds to relate recent experiences, evidently thinking both his appearance and his talk exceedingly sportsmanlike and smart.

In contrast to this, I have visited in a family where the preponderance of boys has not been regarded as a reason why there should be an increase of work or disorder. Trained to the enjoyment of a variety of outdoor sports, with means of gratifying the taste for them, these lads were not only obliged to divest themselves of rubbers or boots coated with mud in close proximity to the kitchen mat, but they were not allowed to enter hall, dining-room or parlor until their slippered feet were neat and noiseless. Fishing poles, skates, and now and then a set of oars, had their appropriate place in a convenient cubby, while outside accoutrements for driving, fishing or running with the dogs on a hunting expedition had also their place in a side closet. As a rule they did not expect to enter their mother's presence until they had made themselves fit for the dinner table, in house jacket or clean blouse. To present themselves, dog at heel, in library or parlor when a caller was present, would doubtless have been at the expense of omitting the next day's sport entirely. The inherent sense of propriety fostered by judicious training would have rendered such an infringement nearly impossible.

'Oh, I could never make my boys so particular!' exclaims some housewife who yet reads these lines with longing eyes.

'Oh, yes, my dear madam, you could; nothing easier, only—begin early enough. Let little master form a habit of leaving his little rubbers near the door when coming in from his first play days and hopping gingerly over to his slippers; let the little girls learn the same thing on coming in from school or play, then have hooks low enough for the little outside garments to be hung on, and you will have little embryo ladies and gentlemen, too self-respecting and with too much consideration for both mother and maid to make outdoor sports cause dirt or disorder inside. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined."'

Bags and Their Uses.

Did you ever think of the many uses to which bags may be put in the household economy? I must confess I never did until this fall, when to save steps, fuel and labor, I decided to put my cooking-stove in my dining-room; and, as this was a general sitting-room, it required some scheming to know how to dispose of the cooking utensils when not in use. Unfortunately there was only one closet, and that not a large one, but here must be arranged everything which properly belonged to both pantry and closet. After thinking it over I found this way out of the difficulty; in other words, I bagged the game.

I took a measurement of trays, rolling-pin, biscuit-board, etc., when laid side by side, and then cut from stout cloth a piece to correspond in width and rather longer than the longest of them. This I faced at the top and filled in of the same material, a piece which would be amply large to hold the desired articles, separating it into compartments by double rows of stitching, leaving the top (in which I had put a hem and strings drawing to the centre) open. I then securely bound the sides and bottom, and tacked it with small wire nails to the wall of my closet, where it would not interfere with the shelves, leaving the heads a little up, so as to draw them easily when the bags need washing. Nor did I forget to leave one compartment for the many small articles that must be found in every kitchen, though not in daily use at all times.

Next I took a piece of brown canton flannel, as wide again as a knife is long, of the desired length, hemmed it all around, put two small loops in the upper corner, and turned up a piece at the bottom as deep as a knife handle is long. This I stitched off in casings sufficiently wide to slip in easily the handles of knives, forks, and spoons. I tacked this to the inside of my closet door, leaving the upper part free to drop over the knives, etc., when desired, or if not, to be caught up by means of the loops to tacks to be driven in the door at proper distances. Of course the fleeced side of the flannel was on the inside. A glance at this arrangement told you if your knives, etc, were in place, and saved much counting.

Then came a nice bag for cooked ham with a stout drawing-string to hang it by; one for bread, teacakes and crackers each; thus doing away with boxes, which take up so much room. There were bags for dried fruit and vegetables, each plainly marked to avoid confusion.

By this time I was so well pleased with bagging things, that I began overhauling trunks and drawers, separating the chaff from the wheat, so to speak, and soon there were sundry other bags, whose labels told their contents to be old clothes to be given away, rags for cuts and sores, rags for rubbing and dusting, and rags for the ragman, and so on.

Try this, busy housekeepers, and see if it does not save time.—'House and Farm.'

For Our Little Ones.

(Lilian McIntosh.)

How many mothers are puzzled by the oft-recurring problem of 'what can I do now, mamma?'

All the loved games that our infancy knew, and all the new games that are brought to us through the medium of our friends or the valued home papers are tried over and over again, only to have the still unsolved problem brought persistently before us, perhaps when the hands are busy with household cares, or in fashioning the little garments that we love to provide, and we have to give a divided attention to the calls on our time.

All mothers know the inherent love of a child for a change. What fascinated them yesterday may not please them at all to-day, and to-morrow they will crave some new amusement.

When vacation was over and my youngest girl was left with only mamma to comfort her through the long school hours, when her 'big sister' was absent from home, the oft recurring problem was presented for solution with such frequency and persistence that I wished I had nothing else to do but to work at the bewitching puzzle. But as other duties also claimed attention, I set about finding the most enduring puzzle at my command. A box of colored school crayons (five cents) and a tablet (five cents); made her the happiest little girl in the state. No toy or game had ever brought her one-half the pleasure.

In a few days the tablet was filled, and then all the wrapping-paper in the house was covered with characters representing her conception of animal and vegetable life, and that they were very realistic to her was indicated by the pride with which she displayed them as she said, 'I don't believe that Julia's teacher could do any better.'

Then I thought of some florists' and seedsmen's catalogues, put away for reference; presenting these to her one at a time, they have given her hours, yea, days of pleasure. The little hand soon became expert at following outlines, and filling in colors, and she soon learned to distinguish the parts that should be colored green, then the printed description of the plant or flower gave the necessary color of the bloom. Mamma, or sister when at home, had to tell her that, and she succeeded in making some of them look like 'really, truly flowers.' Although I find, on looking through one of the catalogues, that she has a blue cabbage and some red beans, but her, 'I know better than that now, mamma,' shows that this delightful pastime has also been an educator as well, training mind, hand and eye, and strengethening her love for the beautiful flowers and plants.

When the little ones tire of the Christmas toys and games I know of no more acceptable gift than a box of colored crayons. Modern literature is full of illustrations that will have fulfilled a mission if they help to develop the patience and perseverance of a child, even though it takes on the hues of the rainbow in the effort.—'Womankind.'

Selected Recipes.

Broiled Sardines. — Take large sardines, wipe, roll in flour and broil. Serve on toast with slices of lemon for garnish and relish.

Steamed Graham Pudding.—Beat one egg, add one cupful of New Orleans molasses and one cupful of sour milk, dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in the milk, and stir in two and a half cupfuls of sifted graham flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of chopped raisins. If not thick enough add a trifle more flour. Grease a deep basin and pour it in; steam three hours. Eat with sauce.

Potato Roll.—Put one cupful of cold mashed potatoes into a saucepan, add one-quarter of a cupful of milk and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and two well-beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly, take from the fire, beat until light. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan when hot, put in the potatoes, spread evenly over the pan, cook slowly until a golden brown. Roll like omelet and serve smoking hot.

Omelette aux Confitures.—A sweet omelette makes an attractive dish, especially suitable for a dainty lunch or little festive supper, and has the advantage of requiring scarcely five minutes for its preparation. Beat four fresh eggs in a deep plate without separating the yolks from the whites, add two tablespoonfuls of milk and the merest pinch of salt. Have a large tablespoonful of butter made very hot in a frying-pan over the fire; pour in the omelette and watch closely, lifting and turning the pan in such a way as to keep it from burning or sticking to the pan. As soon as it sets, place a half-pint of rich jelly or preserves in the centre, fold the omelette over and dish. There is a knack in making and cooking a perfect omelette which is only acquired by practice, but there is nothing difficult or unpleasant about it, and it is a graceful accomplishment when once mastered. Orange marmalade makes a fine omelette, if the flavor is liked. Half a cup of bread crumbs or the same quantity of fine cake crumbs soaked in half a cup of rich milk or cream is sometimes mixed with the beaten egg. A little powdered sugar should be dusted over before serving.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.

Ten or more to one address, 20c each.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouses Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'